

CROOKS AND THEIR WAYS

By AN OLD THIEF

EDWARD W. DUNLAP, alias "Split-the-Wind"

Copyright, 1912, by The North American Company

EDITED BY J. CHALMERS DA COSTA, M. D., LL. D.

Samuel D. Gross Professor of Surgery, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Edward W. Dunlap came of a fine southern family and received a good education. Little more than a boy when the civil war broke out, he enlisted in the Union ranks and served with credit. Toward the close he entered the enlistment service, and his criminal career began by the robbery of \$2000, for which a protest marshal was unjustly convicted and sentenced.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY)

CHAPTER XXVIII

PART III—Various Classes of Criminals—Pick-pockets

THE pickpocket, or dtp, has been known from ancient times, and is a familiar figure to all police officials. He is to be met with wherever a crowd assembles—on a fair, a wedding, a funeral, a parade, a theatrical performance, a political meeting, etc., and the attire suited for one crowd might not do for another. This fact makes specialists, who work particular sorts of affairs. The pickpocket is particularly apt to work in crowded street cars or ferries, on excursion trains, and sometimes in churches. He is occasionally disguised, and other times not; occasionally alone, but more often with two or three assistants, or "stalls." Most good women pickpockets work alone. If good-looking, they can create opportunities.

The dtp rarely makes a very large haul, although he occasionally does so. He is in constant danger of arrest, a danger that increases the longer he is in the business, because he becomes known by sight to the police. This causes him to go from place to place, and constantly to seek new fields of operation. "Stalls" may be men, women or boys. They often locate the person with good craft upon him, and also where he keeps it.

A good pickpocket always dresses well, otherwise he would be sure to be suspected immediately—an impressive opportunity upon persons who accept appearances for reality. He carries no innumerable to interfere with him, unless it be a newspaper or an overcoat, which hanging over his left arm may aid him in his work. The female dtp often uses a shawl. Some pickpockets work with merely the fingers; others use a knife to work into the pocket, and women occasionally use a hairpin.



"In the hustle to recover the tile the victim was nailed, all right!"

Some of the best pickpockets I have ever known were women, many of whom would frequent funerals with every appearance of a broken heart.

Women are less likely to be suspected than men, and people hesitate to accuse them. Occasionally children become victims in this art, and what a skilled pickpocket can do alone and unnoticed is simply marvelous. The poorest specimens of the profession, who have no claim whatever to be considered artists, and are merely bunglers, content themselves with robbing drunken men.

In stealing a watch, the "hooker" is lifted out of the pocket by aid of the chain, and the ring is twisted off by the strong, specially-trained fingers of the dtp. In stealing a tin of soap, the arm is so held for a moment as to hide the victim's eyes, and then the pickpocket, with a single lift and rapid movement, is gone.

Many persons believe that in order to remove a wallet from a pocket it is necessary to insert the hand into the pocket. It is dangerous to insert the hand into a pocket, and the dtp knows it. He uses a small, thin, pointed instrument, which he inserts into the pocket, and then, with a single lift and rapid movement, is gone.

In the old days, when refreshment saloons were placed back and forth along the railroad lines, and when the dtp was a common sight, he was often seen to be working in a crowd. He would stand in a crowd, and when a man or woman came by, he would follow them, and when they stopped, he would be there, and when they moved on, he would be gone.

A man having been picked out in some restaurant, the dtp followed him to the door, and when he was alone, he would follow him, and when he was alone, he would follow him, and when he was alone, he would follow him.

Many men carry their money in a big, long wallet, which used to be called a "Pittman." This is much too large to carry in the trousers, and is

usually deposited in the inside pocket of the vest. In a case of this kind the tool always meets the man from in front, and, by preference, places his hand against the jamb of the door, or raises it to reach a car strap. The tool thus raises his own arm, usually directly across the man's face, a movement that conceals what the other hand is doing; and in the momentary obscuration, the man is "nailed," and the Pittman is pulled away. If a man is accompanied by a woman, the situation is very much easier, her presence being the same, and they succeed in so placing her that she actually becomes a "stall" in the mob that is robbing her escort.

One of the greatest mobs I have ever known was organized by Dan Noble, who was also called Dan Dyson. He was, as before stated, an Englishman by birth, but came to America four or five years before the civil war. His father opened a thieves' resort in New York, which was called the Porter House, on Ninth avenue, and here Dan met the thieves' fraternity, and in consequence became a burglar when only 16 years of age. He also tried "pull-tapping," but finally settled down as a pickpocket.

He not only became the head of a mob of pickpockets, but also conducted numerous other operations, particularly sneak-thieving, forging and bank-burglary. In picking pockets, he often worked with Little Thompson. He was a man with an international reputation. In his mob were four giant "stalls," each of whom was as powerful as an ox. They could handle any man, and place him just where the tool desired; and in case of a tumble, the victim was certain to be roughly handled.

Another great gang was the Shenny Mob, each member of which was a Jew. Abe Greenthal, a Polish Jew, was the leader. In this gang were Herman, Abe's brother, and a son-in-law of Abe, one of the "stalls" of this mob carried a small valise, which he would press directly against the victim's face or stomach while the robbery was in progress. Another "stall" carried about a dozen empty cigar boxes. These were dropped about the victim's feet, and then there would be great excitement, swearing, pushing, and excited Hebrew expletives and remonstrances. Sometimes a dtp, unperceived, looking with snuff, was daunted in the victim's face. It was an old proverb with us, "God help the man who falls into the clutches of the Shenny Mob."

The one-time "tool" of this mob is now a well-known silk merchant of New York city, and is rated at several times a million. He was always a kindly and generous man, and he remains a good fellow. Many an old-time has been stolen, and on one occasion he saved two men from going to prison for long terms by going their bail and then squaring the case.

There was some diversity of opinion among crooks regarding the cleverness of the different "tools," and it used to be argued about much as is the speed of race horses. The majority awarded the palm to James Malone, alias Papes, alias the Eagle. Papes was a quiet man, and never permitted his "stalls" to resort to rough work. All he required was a gentle sort of hustle, and away went the leather.

One day he was starting from Pittsburgh for his home, which was then in Cleveland. While at the station he observed a fine, portly, solid-looking, elderly man, just the sort usually selected for a mark; a man who, as he went to the office to get his ticket, displayed a fine fat leather. Papes saw this attractive pocket-book, and made up his mind to try to touch the old gentleman as he boarded the train. Several ladies and gentlemen accidentally reached the platform of the car at about the same time. Papes knocked off the old man's hat, begged his pardon, and was helping him to get it again; and in the hustle to recover the hat the victim was nailed all right. Papes told me that in turning over the leather, he was knocked clean out to find that it contained nearly \$5000. On another occasion, when grafting at Crestline Junction, he pulled off a Pittman containing nearly \$3000.

Malone was a remarkable man in more senses than one. He was a wit of the most captivating and original kind. No matter where he was, he was sure to be good humor; for he was so sure that everybody had to laugh at him and with him. He was a man who was sure to be good humor; for he was so sure that everybody had to laugh at him and with him. He was a man who was sure to be good humor; for he was so sure that everybody had to laugh at him and with him.

When a man was arrested, he was usually taken to the police station, and there he would be kept for a few days, and then he would be released. This was the usual procedure, and it was the same for all men.

In order to understand the robbery effected by Riley and Price, we must remember that in those days all through trains on the Baltimore, Landis and Western, stopped at Newark, N. J. Here the mob would assemble, get on a train for New York, and select a mark. In this case, the mark was a man who was traveling alone, and who was carrying a large bag. The mob would follow him, and when he was alone, they would follow him, and when he was alone, they would follow him.

There was a remarkable sequel to this affair. Price and Riley went directly over to Red Leary's hotel, at Port Hamilton, looked the Pittman over, took out two \$1000 notes, wrapped the leather up in several papers, and tied it securely. They then handed it to a man who was standing by, and he took it to the train. The man who was standing by was a man who was traveling alone, and who was carrying a large bag.

It was only a case of diamond cut diamond. The next day they went for it. She went to the train, and when she was alone, she would follow him, and when she was alone, she would follow him, and when she was alone, she would follow him.

In the summer of 1890, to my friend, Jimmie Smith, I showed a pickpocket, a remarkable piece of good luck. He went to Central Park for a walk, and when he was alone, he would follow him, and when he was alone, he would follow him, and when he was alone, he would follow him.

Smith followed him around for over an hour. At length he got him into a bit of a pique, and was trying to pick him up. On turning it over, the enterprising pickpocket found a large sum of money, and a man very quickly missed the Jimmie, and on doing so, immediately went to the police station and told of his loss. The sergeant, thinking him a little dippy, and placing a confidence in his story, referred him to headquarters.

When he had told his story there, he was asked to drop in the next day. On coming the next day, he found that he had been arrested, and he was kept for a few days, and then he was released.

on the case. Two other coppers knew all about the case at this time; for Smith had told them, and at the same time had presented them with one of the bonds.

Spence Pettis bought the rest of the bonds for 80 cents on the dollar. This man, by the way, was a very well-known person. He was a Virginian by birth, and had come from an excellent family. He participated in every sort of thievery, and got numerous sentences to jail. He was the poorest specimen I have ever known—an unconscionable liar; an informer, and one who deserted his pals and turned state's evidence on the slightest provocation. He also deserted women who were fond of him, leaving them to go to jail or starve in the street. He is sized up very accurately by Phil Farley, the celebrated detective, in his "Criminals of America."

Jimmie Smith, who made the lucky haul of bonds in the monkey house, was, like all his kind and class, a most inveterate gambler. He was a generous man, and gave much to charity. It is true that he had just made a big stake, but between gambling and staking his friends, he soon went broke. He is no longer living, having died in Sing Sing. He was buried there, in the cemetery that the prisoners call the Twenty-fifth gallery.

Pickpockets that work upon men only are called "bloke-tools"; those that pick the pockets of women are called "Moll-buzzers," and a good many select this branch of the business. Among the best of the Moll-buzzers, in my time, were Tommy Murphy, Tommy Stack, and Billy Darrigan. These men were not only natural-born grafters, but were extremely industrious and made a good deal of money, but, as usual, they played it all in.

Stack began to steal when a boy, in the Jefferson Market. He became a pickpocket, and a very good one, but he finally adopted the rottenest of all occupations for criminals, that of a "steal-pigeon" (a police spy and tool).

Darrigan lived for some time with the well-known pickpocket, Louisa Jourdan (Little Louisa), an English woman by birth. She was obliged to cover her ears with her hair, because the lobe of her right ear had been cut off. Darrigan went completely to pieces from rum, finally becoming so well known that he could not work with any safety at all.

For a long time, an Englishman, and an ex-pickpocket, kept the Patterson House, in New York city. It was located on Cortlandt street, near West. This man's name was George Cox. He had done time in his own country, and had also served time in Sing Sing. He was a friend of mine, and I used frequently to drop into his barroom.

Directly in the rear of the bar was a large room containing lounges, easy chairs, and a piano; and in this room the chief female pickpockets of New York gathered. Almost any time you would find here a mob of the most remarkable women Moll-buzzers in the land. All were respectable-looking, and many were handsome. They dressed fashionably and spent their money liberally. They ate and drank of the best, and were full of fun and merriment and good-fellowship.

Some of these women were wives and mothers. Of these, there were two classes. The members of one of these classes brought up their little children honestly, while those of the other taught their little ones to steal. Many of these women were unmarried; and of these, most acknowledged the sway of some one lord and master. Strange to say, however, among this group of female thieves, there was not one whose private life, from a moral point of view, beyond thieving, admitted of criticism. The face of every one of these agreeable ladies was in the Rogues' gallery.

The dean of this able faculty was fat old Mother Roach, who at this time was over 70 years of age, but her face did not show a wrinkle, and her movements were as quick as those of a young woman. The expression of her countenance was one of placid contentment, such as we are taught to believe appears in the aged only when they have led pious and regular lives. Mother Roach, however, was a different sort of person. She was born in England, of English parents, and both her father and mother had been skilled pickpockets. When a little child she had been taken out into the streets of London, by her mother, and had been carefully instructed in the art of picking pockets. Before she was 14 years old she had been in most of the chief cities of Europe, and had become one of the most expert pickpockets of the age. She married an English pickpocket, named Jimmy Roach, who was about 15 years of age, and she came with her husband to New York. They worked everywhere, made lots of money, and saved up quite a considerable sum. Their children were born of them. One of their children died, but the other three were living at the time of which I speak. These were two sons and one daughter. Every one of them was decent and respectable, and every one of them was well married.

It seems that in this case, at least, heredity gets a black eye. Mother Roach had sufficient money to retire and become an emigrant, but she could not bear to leave the road she had traveled all her life, which was a good one, so much that was pleasing and interesting. She had done several bits of jail, both at home and abroad, but all were short.

The life of this mob was Polly Witten, who may be described by dropping into the Rogues' gallery, saying that she was a dandy. She was a well-developed woman of about 30 years, fair of face, and a well-dressed, and she had a state of perfection of several "elbows" (detectives from headquarters). It was not uncommon to see "elbows" in Cox's, taking drinks and enjoying the fun.

Not all the "Moll-buzzers" of New York frequent Cox's, quite a number remained uptown, working in the big stores. Notable among the uptown group were Kate Leary and Lizzie Dolan. Kate was the wife of John, alias Red Leary, of Northampton Bank fame. She was an all-round thief, but particularly excelled as a blackmailer. I have already told how she did up poor Deary Price and Count Riley, to whom she stated that they had inherited \$25,000 in greenbacks that they had inherited to her care. Lizzie Dolan was the wife of Jimmie Dolan, the pickpocket. About 1884, Jimmie was arrested and sent to Sing Sing.

There were women most expert "Moll-buzzers," and made a great deal of money. Lizzie subsequently bought a large tenement house, which paid her an excellent income, gave all her four children good educations, and started her two sons in business. They dealt in coal, ice and wood. Kate had no such good fortune. She died a short time ago, a pauper.

Mary Holbrook, alias Mollie Hoey, was a good pickpocket of my acquaintance. Another female pickpocket whom I knew was Ellen Clegg, who had been discovered and started out by "The Old Woman" (Mrs. Mandelbaum).

My conviction is that pickpockets are, if not a lost, at least a failing art. We have no such great masters as we used to have. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, the dtp had attained a state of perfection of several "elbows" (detectives from headquarters). It was not uncommon to see "elbows" in Cox's, taking drinks and enjoying the fun.

When off duty, the burglar may engage in some regular trade or calling. Chauncey Johnson, the great bank snook, was a burglar in the beginning of his career, working as a clerk in the daytime, and as a burglar at night. This combination, however, rarely lasts long, as a man grows weary of routine labor, and gives it up. During the day following a job the average burglar will be in retirement, securing rest; and the next day he will be out, and then the criminal life of a gentleman of leisure, and often of a gambler, frequenting pleasure resorts, and being a customer of drug and restaurants.

Sometimes a burglar is a man of birth and good education, and such men are far more successful criminals, as a rule, than are those of a lower type. Every now and then the criminal fraternity is invaded by a member of fashionable society, who becomes a hotel thief, a confidence man, or an associate of burglars, to whom he can get valuable points as to houses and property. A number of years ago a member of a Philadelphia club used to come to New York, and frequent the criminal streets, to confer with Jimmie Hope and other criminal celebrities. He would tell them of a good house to rob, and where the silverware and jewels were kept; and this information he obtained while visiting the house socially. He received his percentage of every crack, and I believe that for years this constituted his only source of income. He was never discovered by the respectable portion of the community, and he is now dead.

Now and then a bank officer who has taken funds from a safe, gets professional robbers to go to the safe and clean out what remains. This saves him, as every one thinks the robbers got the whole thing; and it pays the robbers, as a rule, for they get a good stake and get it easily. It doesn't always pay the robber, however. Jimmie Hope had one such job, in which he expected \$50,000, and got nothing. The bank



"The German discovered his loss as soon as he reached the platform"

go a few feet away and find a good mark. One operator would often find many marks during the day.

"Moll-buzzing" in those days, was extremely easy; because all the women were great housewives and carried their leathers in their pockets, from which they could be removed without the victim's feeling them going. As the saying was, "You could put your foot into a 'dly' (pocket) without a tumble." A number of times I have seen members of the mob come in Cox's from the street, go to one of the tables, and there turn over several "pokes" (wallets), put the money "about," and then carry the wallets to the kitchen and burn them up.

After a bit of graft all hands were invariably asked to drink; and it was at this time that the fun would commence. Cortlandt street, from West to Broadway, was a source of great graft, not only to the pickpockets, but also to the ward coppers and to several "elbows" (detectives from headquarters). It was not uncommon to see "elbows" in Cox's, taking drinks and enjoying the fun.

Not all the "Moll-buzzers" of New York frequent Cox's, quite a number remained uptown, working in the big stores. Notable among the uptown group were Kate Leary and Lizzie Dolan. Kate was the wife of John, alias Red Leary, of Northampton Bank fame. She was an all-round thief, but particularly excelled as a blackmailer. I have already told how she did up poor Deary Price and Count Riley, to whom she stated that they had inherited \$25,000 in greenbacks that they had inherited to her care. Lizzie Dolan was the wife of Jimmie Dolan, the pickpocket. About 1884, Jimmie was arrested and sent to Sing Sing.

There were women most expert "Moll-buzzers," and made a great deal of money. Lizzie subsequently bought a large tenement house, which paid her an excellent income, gave all her four children good educations, and started her two sons in business. They dealt in coal, ice and wood. Kate had no such good fortune. She died a short time ago, a pauper.

Mary Holbrook, alias Mollie Hoey, was a good pickpocket of my acquaintance. Another female pickpocket whom I knew was Ellen Clegg, who had been discovered and started out by "The Old Woman" (Mrs. Mandelbaum).

My conviction is that pickpockets are, if not a lost, at least a failing art. We have no such great masters as we used to have. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, the dtp had attained a state of perfection of several "elbows" (detectives from headquarters). It was not uncommon to see "elbows" in Cox's, taking drinks and enjoying the fun.

When off duty, the burglar may engage in some regular trade or calling. Chauncey Johnson, the great bank snook, was a burglar in the beginning of his career, working as a clerk in the daytime, and as a burglar at night. This combination, however, rarely lasts long, as a man grows weary of routine labor, and gives it up. During the day following a job the average burglar will be in retirement, securing rest; and the next day he will be out, and then the criminal life of a gentleman of leisure, and often of a gambler, frequenting pleasure resorts, and being a customer of drug and restaurants.

Sometimes a burglar is a man of birth and good education, and such men are far more successful criminals, as a rule, than are those of a lower type. Every now and then the criminal fraternity is invaded by a member of fashionable society, who becomes a hotel thief, a confidence man, or an associate of burglars, to whom he can get valuable points as to houses and property. A number of years ago a member of a Philadelphia club used to come to New York, and frequent the criminal streets, to confer with Jimmie Hope and other criminal celebrities. He would tell them of a good house to rob, and where the silverware and jewels were kept; and this information he obtained while visiting the house socially. He received his percentage of every crack, and I believe that for years this constituted his only source of income. He was never discovered by the respectable portion of the community, and he is now dead.

Now and then a bank officer who has taken funds from a safe, gets professional robbers to go to the safe and clean out what remains. This saves him, as every one thinks the robbers got the whole thing; and it pays the robbers, as a rule, for they get a good stake and get it easily. It doesn't always pay the robber, however. Jimmie Hope had one such job, in which he expected \$50,000, and got nothing. The bank

go a few feet away and find a good mark. One operator would often find many marks during the day.

"Moll-buzzing" in those days, was extremely easy; because all the women were great housewives and carried their leathers in their pockets, from which they could be removed without the victim's feeling them going. As the saying was, "You could put your foot into a 'dly' (pocket) without a tumble." A number of times I have seen members of the mob come in Cox's from the street, go to one of the tables, and there turn over several "pokes" (wallets), put the money "about," and then carry the wallets to the kitchen and burn them up.

After a bit of graft all hands were invariably asked to drink; and it was at this time that the fun would commence. Cortlandt street, from West to Broadway, was a source of great graft, not only to the pickpockets, but also to the ward coppers and to several "elbows" (detectives from headquarters). It was not uncommon to see "elbows" in Cox's, taking drinks and enjoying the fun.

president had lied to him. Nevertheless, the crack of the safe saved the president's reputation, and he continued to pose as a Christian and a philanthropist.

A prominent politician had \$50,000 given him to get the Metropolitan police bill through the Pennsylvania legislature. He paid Hope to break into his house and pretend to steal it from the safe.

A genuine raffer—that is, a fashionable man that not only plans robberies, but personally executes them—is by no means common, although occasionally met with. Such men are very rarely successful burglars; they lack the practical experience, which is as necessary to a burglar as it is to a lawyer or a physician. An attempted raffer is nearly always found up at an early period in his career. There is one danger that he inevitably encounters; the fence to whom he takes the stolen property will recognize him as a superior person, will track him, and discover his residence; and will be sure to blackmail him to a destructive amount.

The hardest man for the police to round up on suspicion is one who keeps a respectable store during the day and goes out to rob at night. Such a man has assistants in his store, and is thus enabled to get sufficient rest.

The burglar has much to contend with in these days. The general level of the business has been lowered by the invention of the burglar alarm, and amateurs—men who break in by brute force, without any regard for nicety and dexterity, and wantonly destroy valuable property that they cannot remove; and that will maitrea or even murder—have been utterly without need. The professional cracksmen takes a pride in a neat entry, displaces only the things he needs for his work, and leaves the rest in place. He usually extremely "dumpy" is not infrequently drunk, and is occasionally a crook himself and willing to take a share of a crack. He is particularly fond of sleeping during the hours that he should be on duty. He likes to loaf or sleep in kitchens, saloons, firehouses and other pleasant resorts, and a burglar that knows where the policeman keeps may well with a considerable advantage. Even when the copper is sober, intelligent and honest, he may not be equal to the task of making a crack. The inside watchman is at one end of his beat, his watch is a forcible entry may be effected at the other without the possibility of his either seeing or hearing the burglar.

Back of a source of difficulty to burglars is a double to burglars, as the street watchman has only a very limited district to patrol, and is far more likely than the policeman to hear a noise, and, unless he is a very good watchman, he is not usually a man who wishes to avoid trouble, preferring not to hear anything that sends his description to the police of various crimes of a manufacturing establishment or a store is an annoyance to the police officer, but the bank watchman is usually wide awake.

Burglars are usually divided into two classes. One class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away. The other class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away. The other class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away.

The great enemy to the modern burglar is electricity. The telephone, which enables a person that discovers him to call for help, the burglar alarm which notifies persons that he is either getting into the house or already inside, and the telegraph, which sends his description to the police of various crimes of a manufacturing establishment or a store is an annoyance to the police officer, but the bank watchman is usually wide awake.

Burglars are usually divided into two classes. One class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away. The other class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away.

The great enemy to the modern burglar is electricity. The telephone, which enables a person that discovers him to call for help, the burglar alarm which notifies persons that he is either getting into the house or already inside, and the telegraph, which sends his description to the police of various crimes of a manufacturing establishment or a store is an annoyance to the police officer, but the bank watchman is usually wide awake.

Burglars are usually divided into two classes. One class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away. The other class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away.

The great enemy to the modern burglar is electricity. The telephone, which enables a person that discovers him to call for help, the burglar alarm which notifies persons that he is either getting into the house or already inside, and the telegraph, which sends his description to the police of various crimes of a manufacturing establishment or a store is an annoyance to the police officer, but the bank watchman is usually wide awake.

Burglars are usually divided into two classes. One class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away. The other class is a source of difficulty to burglars. A big dog outside may be successfully lured away before the burglary, but a little dog inside is not so easily lured away.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY)